

BRITISH ATTACK AND CAPTURE LAGNICOURT

The Daily Mirror

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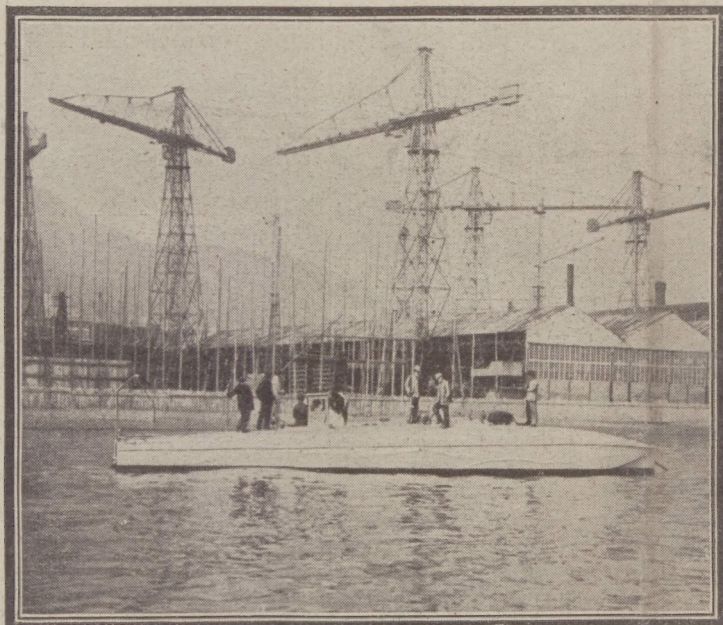
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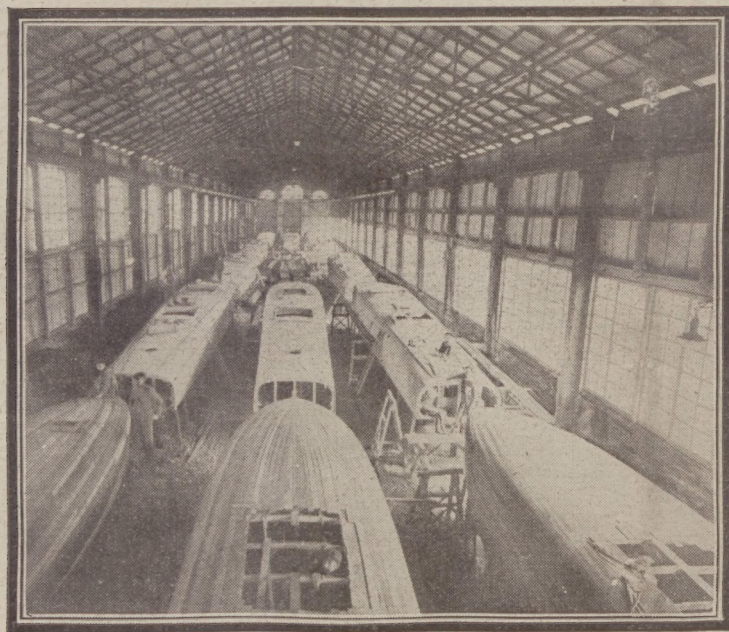
TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1917

One Penny.

HOW ITALY IS DEALING WITH THE SUBMARINE MENACE.



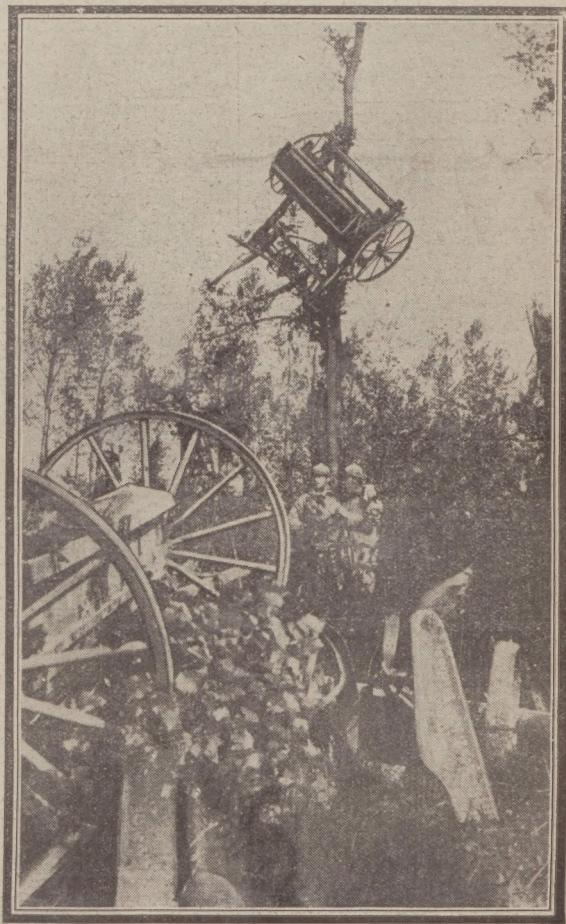
Small craft built for chasing pirates. They are capable of great speed.



Armed motor-boats under construction in a shed specially designed for the purpose.

These photographs were taken at a large Italian shipyard, now under Government control. These phasers make life very unpleasant for the U boats in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, and their number is being constantly added to.

A HIGH EXPLOSIVE EFFECT IN THE WEST.



Part of an ammunition wagon which was blown into a tree by a high explosive shell on the western front. It remained poised there for some time, presenting a remarkable picture.

THREE OFFICERS WIN MILITARY CROSS.



Capt. G. J. Apperson (Royal Irish Rifles). Single-handed he attacked five of the enemy, killing two of them with his revolver.—(Lafayette.)



2nd Lieut. P. G. Griffling (A.S.C.), who, when in charge of a supply column, kept his cars running under the most trying conditions.



Capt. A. S. K. Anderson, M.B., R.A.M.C., who went out under heavy shell fire to tend the wounded. He comes from Aberdeen.—(Lafayette.)

MYSTERY OF LOAF AT A SHILLING.

People in Woolwich Only Paying Tenpence.

INVESTIGATING PRICE.

Why is that 4lb. loaf of bread now 1s. in London?

The Daily Mirror understands that the 4lb. loaf was easily obtainable in Woolwich and district at last week's price—namely, 9½d. if fetched and 10d. if delivered.

An interesting question was asked in the House of Commons yesterday as follows:—

Mr. Thorne to Captain Bathurst: Is the hon. member aware that the price of bread is one shilling to-day?

Captain Bathurst: Yes, and I regret it; but the matter is being investigated.

A great many housewives in the West End as well as in the East preferred to call or send for their loaves, and so save 4d., and in some cases even 1d., by relieving the baker of the delivery.

MR. LAUDER'S MATCHES.

Drury Lane yesterday was crowded with domestic workers, who considered the question of furthering the policy of economy of food supplies.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh said:—
"Take matches, for example. A great many people use them for various things."
"And here let me say," he remarked, turning to Mr. Harry Lauder, who sat at his side, "that I have seen Mr. Lauder in one of his excellent sketches use more matches than were necessary." (Laughter.)

If every user of matches used one match less a day for a year the saving would be enough to build a British battleship.

Mr. Harry Lauder said: "I am talking to a lot of cooks, and I'm going to give you a piece of advice: When Master John says he wants a little bit extra you tell him he's not going to get it and that this is war time."

If he goes to his mother you tell her to mind her own business and that you are running the larder."

Britain's Fish.—By means of two special committees Mr. Prothero, Minister of Agriculture, is inquiring into the practicability of increasing supplies of sea fish for home markets, of encouraging the eating of such fish, of any scheme for bringing fresh-water fish supplies into consumption and of increasing the output of eels.

Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, M.P., is chairman of the committee considering sea-fish supplies, and they have received a grant to assist fishermen who are owners of their own boats to develop their fishing power and to secure greater quantities of fish. The committee on fresh-water fish is presided over by Lord Desborough.

Saving Sugar for Jam.—Mr. Bathurst informed Mr. Thorne that the saving of sugar for jam-making from the weekly domestic allowance of 3lb. per head was particularly commendable, and would receive every consideration.

Potatoes for Singing.—At a singing competition at the Cambridge Palace one of the prizes was a sack of potatoes.

NEWS ITEMS.

Imperial Conference Meets.

A further meeting of the Imperial War Conference was held yesterday at the Colonial Office.

1,000 New Victims of Measles.

There were a thousand new cases of measles in Birmingham last week and nineteen deaths.

More Railwaymen to Go.

Railway companies of Great Britain have been called upon to release a further percentage of their staffs.

Charged Too Much.

On two charges of selling potatoes at a price exceeding the maximum, a grocer was fined £10 at Ipswich yesterday.

A Russian Republic.

Certain parliamentary parties desiring a democratic republic instead of a monarchy the question, says an Exchange telegram, will be settled in Petrograd on April 7.

65,397 Germans Captured.

Mr. Hope, in the Commons yesterday, said there were in our hands throughout the Empire 65,397 Germans, sixteen Austrians, 763 Bulgarians and 15,512 Turkish combatant prisoners of war.

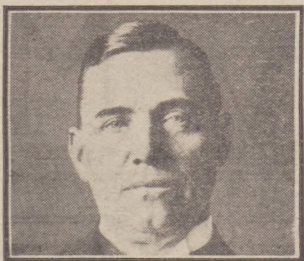
£100,000,000 in Pensions.

The amount of money which was being distributed throughout the Empire in separation allowances and pensions was £100,000,000, said Mr. Barnes, Pensions Minister, in the Commons yesterday.

Youths of Eighteen Wanted.

Mr. Macpherson stated in the Commons yesterday there might be hardships in individual cases in calling up youths of eighteen who were about to sit for university and professional examinations, but these youths were urgently required for military service.

FOOD ECONOMY CHIEF.



Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P., who has been appointed by Lord Devonport to the post of Director-General (unpaid) of the Food Economy Department of the Ministry of Food, Mr. Kennedy Jones, it will be remembered, was thanked by Mr. Bonar Law for his work in connection with the Victory Loan.

INVASION FABLE.

"No Truth in the Story," Says Mr. Bonar Law.

HOW RUMOURS ORIGINATED.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Thorne, with reference to prevalent rumours, asked if there was any truth in a statement that an invasion had taken place at Lowestoft.

Mr. Bonar Law: I hear a great many rumours of that kind myself, but I have not been able to find there is any foundation for any of them.

"So far as I can gather, the possible source or origin of these rumours was due to the fact that the Home Defence Force was told to be in readiness for an emergency."

That often happens, but apparently in this case it has been the cause of unusual commotion."

Extended Life of Parliament.—Mr. Bonar Law stated that the Government intends introducing a Bill to-day to prolong the life of Parliament for a further term.

[Under this Bill the life of the present Parliament will be extended to the end of November.]
Our Blockade Efficient.—Answering Sir Hedworth Meux, Mr. Bonar Law said the whole question of the blockade had been fully considered by the Cabinet with their naval advisers. They considered that the present blockade policy was right in principle and efficiently administered. Accounts which reached them from Germany through enemy channels seemed to confirm this.

SIR E. GEDDES' POST.

Inspector-General of Transport in All Theatres of War.

Sir Eric Geddes has been appointed Inspector-General of Transportation in all theatres of war.

Sir Eric retains his position as Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's staff as Director-General of Transportation, but vacates his post at the War Office as Director-General of Military Railways. Sir Guy Granet has been appointed to succeed Sir Eric Geddes at the War Office, with the title of Director-General of Movements and Railways, and has been appointed a civilian member of the Army Council.

RIOTING IN HAMBURG.

"Not Very Serious," Says Official Report—"Great Fire" Rumours.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—While denying the rumours in the Danish Press about a great fire at Hamburg, an official German statement admits that on February 21 and 22 some rioting, which, however, were not very serious, took place there.—Exchange.

SHOT EIGHT GERMANS.

D.S.O. Gained by Lieut. Algie in Daring Trench Raid.

"He led the assaulting party with great dash and inflicted many casualties on the enemy. He himself shot eight of the enemy with his revolver."

That is the official record of the achievement of Temporary Second Lieutenant William Algie, of the Northumberland Fusiliers. Lieutenant Algie is one of nine officers whose splendid heroism, it is announced in a supplement to the London Gazette published yesterday, have won the decoration coveted by every soldier.

The Gazette also announces the award of the Military Cross to seventy-seven officers and the Distinguished Conduct Medal to fifty-three warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men, as well as 457 Military Medals to non-commissioned officers and men.

TITLED BOMB MAKER.

Woman Who Worked in the Same Factory as Her Coachman.

SOME AMAZING ACHIEVEMENTS.

"Many women of social position are performing excellent work in munition factories."

In one place a lady of title worked a full fifty-four hours' week on bombs, beginning each day at 7 a.m., and accepting all the conditions of the ordinary employee.

Her coachman was employed in the same factory."

This interesting statement was made by an official of the Ministry of Munitions in reference to the exhibition, opened yesterday at the Royal Colonial Institute, of photographs and samples of work illustrating the wonderful success of women in engineering works.

"Nothing seems to come amiss to them," said an expert, in proof of which statement he pointed to component parts of engines used in the famous tanks.

Another interesting exhibit included recent inventions in shell fuses, hand grenades, bullet proof helmets, body armour and aerial torpedo.

Mr. Kellaway, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions, who opened the exhibition, said that our national caution had become so deeply rooted that instead of Te Deums we often sang penitential psalms.

We were, he thought, pushing our caution too far, and there was a danger of our being unjust to the brave men who had achieved the wonderful victories at Bagdad and on the fields of France.

Since the Ministry of Munitions had been established the output of 18-pounder guns had been increased twenty-eight times, and for this and other amazing achievements women were largely responsible.

"WE PULL THEIR HAIR."

Boy's Confession to Bishop at Cinema Commission.

There were bright little discussions at the Cinema Commission yesterday.

Mr. Barnett told the Commission that he had brought together as many as ninety married couples who otherwise would have separated.

"I take them to a picture show," he said, "and they can squeeze together as closely as they can, and very often the pictures and their appreciation of them bring a new understanding into their life."

"Love-stories are a bit trying sometimes," said a schoolboy of eleven, an expression of opinion which the Bishop of Birmingham replied with a smile: "Well, I should think love at your age is a little trying."

Mr. Gavazzi King (on behalf of the cinematograph industry): Do you ever feel sleepy?

The Boy of Eleven: Yes, particularly when the pictures are very dry. (Laughter.)

"Do you pull the girls about in the picture palaces?" the Bishop asked another boy.

One boy replied: "We pull their hair."

And do the girls object?—No fear, they seem to enjoy it.

"THE UTMOST GRAVITY."

Cabinet's View of Effects of Barrow Strike—Telegram to Men.

"This interruption of the production of munitions of war is looked upon by the Government with the utmost gravity."

Thus spoke Mr. Bonar Law in the House of Commons last night with regard to a strike of engineers at Barrow-in-Furness.

He stated that the Government gathered that the strike was because of the alleged cutting down of time allowance for work done under the premium bonus system.

The Allied Engineers' Unions had sent a telegram to Barrow deprecating the stoppage and urging a return to work, the Minister of Labour undertaking that a decision on the merits of the dispute should be taken within seven days.

Stoppage of work at this time, when other methods of settlement of disputes are open to the men and employers, cannot be too strongly deprecated," said Mr. Bonar Law.

He desired to request of the men's leaders, as expressed in their telegram, and urgently appeal to the men in the nation's interest to resume work at once, when their complaint will at once be dealt with and a settlement, we hope, arrived at."

ILL-TREATED FRENCH PRISONERS.

Under the pretext of reprisals French prisoners of war are being cruelly treated by the Germans.

M. Dubret, president of the Departmental Association for Prisoners of War at Besancon, in a letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, says the *Petit Parisien*, refers to the bad food, the fact that 600 prisoners are housed in a shed which gives them 13in. each sleeping room; that they are prohibited from writing to their families, and from receiving letters, money or parcels.

The camp is, states a Reuter message, six miles from the front, but the prisoners go daily within a mile of the French lines, either for digging trenches or building railway lines. Nearly 30,000 are occupied in this way.

SEQUEL TO RAID ON EDITOR'S ROOM.

Attorney-General's Story at Army Council Inquiry.

TRIALS OF HALAKITE.

The Army Council inquiry into the raid upon Sir Theodore Cook's room at the office of the *Field* newspaper began at the Law Courts yesterday. The tribunal consists of Mr. Justice Shearman and Professor W. Jackson Pope.

One of the chief points that the Commission has to decide is whether the Munitions Department was justified in refusing to use halakite, the explosive in which Sir Theodore Cook, the editor of the *Field*, and the White Powder Syndicate are interested, and whether the War Office was justified in refusing to give to the syndicate a licence to trade.

The Attorney-General, opening the case for the Crown, said that those who were responsible for the sufficiency of our supplies of munitions were alone entitled to deal with the necessary raw materials for explosives.

TWO IMPORTANT CLAIMS.

Under no circumstances could private persons be allowed to engage without licence in the traffic of raw material and, under the pretext of contracts, to enter into competition with the authorised purchasers on behalf of the Government.

Counsel read the memorandum sent by Sir Theodore Cook to the then Prime Minister.

This attributed the reverse in Rumania to delays caused by the British Government to the supply of halakite to the Russians.

It had been suggested (the Attorney-General went on) that the Government might have either through incompetence or prejudice, had declined to give the necessary permission for the manufacture of halakite or to use it themselves.

Lord Moulton requested the company to furnish him with a list of the ingredients of halakite and to forward a sample to Woolwich Arsenal for test.

Two important claims, said counsel, were made for halakite:

1. It contained no nitro-glycerine.
2. An absolutely new homogeneous chemical body had been evolved.

But—declared the Attorney-General—the result of analysis showed that the samples contained 22 per cent. of nitro-glycerine.

Consequences of the gravest possible character might follow from such an explosive if the presence of nitro-glycerine was not known.

A NEW COMPANY FORMED.

The further history of halakite, as told by the Attorney-General, showed that Mr. Jackson, having been found guilty of a breach of the regulations, retired from the company, and a new company was formed, with Sir Theodore Cook as chairman.

Counsel referred to a statement made on behalf of the new company to the French Government that halakite was "a veritable phenomenon of science," and had been used by the British Government for the filling of shells.

This counsel described as a falsehood.

Another statement, which Sir Frederick described as an impudent fabrication, was that Anglo-Explosives, Limited, possessed works near London that covered 250 acres.

On December 23, 1915, a "penetration trial" of this nature showed that the premises were absolutely unsatisfactory in every respect.

The French Powder Commission also rejected the powder.

Sir Frederick Smith said that he did not suppose Sir T. Cook had the slightest knowledge of the fraudulent representations. No doubt he had been completely victimised.

The hearing was adjourned.

FELL INTO A TANK.

Terrible Death of Man Who Was Chaffed About Wedding.

A tragedy of an unusual character was investigated at the London Assizes yesterday, when an inquest on a coloured labourer named David Morley, of Capetown.

He was employed at the sugar refinery works of Messrs. Martineau, at Mile End.

Having been chaffed by a fellow-workman about a woman he was to marry at Easter, Morley struck at his tormentor, and losing his balance fell into a tank of very hot water.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

WHERE WIVES ARE WANTED.

"It is vital that the Empire should be able to resist any pressure which a foreign Power or group of Powers could exercise in time of peace or war. A complete survey should, accordingly, be made of the relation between Empire production and Empire requirements."

This is an extract from the final report, issued yesterday, of the Dominion Royal Commission.

The Commissioners urge the emigration of young women, pointing out that in 1911 there were in the United Kingdom 1,39,000 more females than males, and in the self-governing Dominions 762,000 more males than females.

BRITISH ATTACK AND TAKE LAGNICOURT VILLAGE

Germans Determined Counter Blows—One Attack Caught in Open by Our Guns.

FRENCH PUSH ON: FOE'S SERIOUS LOSSES.

Russians Enter Mosul Province—Mackensen at Constantinople—French Airmen Bomb German Factories.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Monday.

8.35 P.M.—This morning we attacked and captured the village of Lagnicourt (twelve miles west of Cambrai), north of the Bapaume-Cambrai road. We took thirty prisoners and a machine gun.

During the afternoon the enemy delivered determined counter-attacks from the east and north-west, but was driven off.

A third hostile attack was caught in the open by our artillery, and failed to develop.

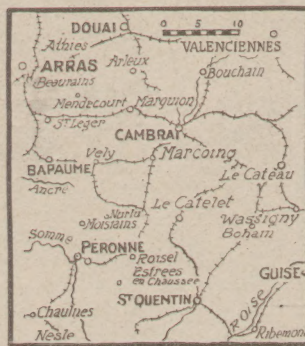
Another bombing attack, made by the enemy during the night upon our post north of Beaumetz-le-Cambrai, was repulsed.

Parties of the enemy who endeavoured to approach our lines in the neighbourhood of Fauquissart and east of Ypres were dispersed by our machine gun fire.

There has been considerable artillery activity to-day on both sides east of Neuville St. Vaast and Armentieres.

There was much fighting in the air yesterday, in the course of which two German machines were brought down and three others driven down damaged.

Seven of our machines are missing.



Lagnicourt, which the British have captured, is twelve miles west of Cambrai.

RUSSIANS SAID TO BE IN MOSUL PROVINCE.

Our Ally's Troops Pressing on in the Direction of Khanikin.

PETROGRAD, Monday.—The Caucasian communiqué issued here to-day reports that Russian detachments in pursuit of the Turkish forces have entered the vilayet of Mosul.—Reuter.

[Note.—The town of Mosul is in the vilayet of the same name in Asiatic Turkey, in the heart of ancient Assyria, on the right bank of the Tigris, 220 miles north-west of Bagdad.]

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Caucasian Front.—In the direction of Khanikin our troops occupied the fortifications of Kala-Chahin.

The Turks are maintaining themselves on the heights near Miantaga.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

[It will be noticed that Mosul province is not mentioned here.]

TALES THE TURK TELLS.

TURKISH OFFICIAL.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—Persia.—An attack by three enemy cavalry regiments, supported by artillery and machine guns, in the neighbourhood of Van was repulsed. Our troops are in pursuit of the enemy.

Tigris.—The situation is unchanged. Two squadrons of enemy cavalry were dispersed by the fire of our Euphrates flotilla, which inflicted heavy losses on them. On this occasion we took one officer and twelve men prisoners and captured war material and cattle.

The enemy is approaching our positions hesitatingly.—Reuter.

MACKENSEN ARRIVES.

BERLIN, Monday.—The *Agente Balkanische* states that von Mackensen has arrived in Constantinople to reorganise the Turkish Army.—Wireless Press.

'WHITE' HUNS REPELLED.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Western Front.—In the region of Postavy, the Germans, having discharged four gas waves, attempted to advance, but were thrown back by our fire.

In the region of Odakhovchyn (east of Baranovitch) about two companies of Germans, dressed in white overalls, launched an attack against our trenches, but were dispersed by our artillery fire.

HUN MENACE NOT FEARED

Reuter learns from a Russian diplomatic source that the latest German menace of an advance towards Petrograd need not be feared as much as if a revolution had not taken place.

Russia, it is pointed out, has a series of very strongly fortified positions capable of withstanding German onslaughts. The reactionary party has disappeared and German influence has gone for ever.

RUSSIA'S RESOLVE.

"The Russian people are firmly resolved to spare no sacrifice in order to assure the triumph of the Allies," says M. Milukoff, in a telegram to M. Ribot.—Exchange.

PETROGRAD, Sunday.—The Provisional Government has appointed a Special Commission to inquire into offences committed by former Ministers, and civil and military officials.—Central News.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—A message from Berlin says the German troops are still fighting successfully in East Africa.—Central News.

GERMANS AT BAY ON HINDENBURG LINE.

A Labyrinth of Concrete Trenches and Wire.

MENACED LAIR.

(FROM W. EACH THOMAS.)

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' CAMP (France), Monday Night.—The cavalry clatter through the village still hung with German notices, still smoking with German fires and trebly encircled by German wire and trenches. English and Indian together all have the gaiety of men who have been in touch with the enemy.

The enemy had fled a village and strong fortifications where a day or two earlier I had watched his cautious sentinels peering over sandhills and his more casual soldiers emerging into the open.

From behind these rearwards still comes no artillery support beyond their few but regular sallies from sin. naval guns, whose tired, far-fung shells sing through the air with a peculiar whine and fall as often as not without explosion.

THE GRIDIRON.

The bulk of the enemy is already within a position long since known as the Hindenburg line.

It is a network, a gridiron, a labyrinth of concrete trenches connected by covered ways and protected by seven or eight lines of barbed wire.

The line runs roughly, though doubtless it has many switches from Arras well in front of Cambrai, just in front of St. Quentin and past La Fere, where the French, quick and vigorous as ever were Napoleon's veterans, have so bit ten the German's heels that he is at bay on the very edge of his threatened lair.

The thorough, solid, deliberate wish of our own Engineers, pioneers, labour battalions and even first-line troops has bridged this five-mile quagmire of the Ancre and Somme battlefield at every step. Beyond we find deep and often newly dug well-fortified trenches and strong points.

Achiet le Petit and Achiet le Grand, where I was yesterday, are fortresses. Ytres and others have yet more elaborate quarry forts and tree eyries for observation, with all the other notable German devices for defence.

But the enemy has abandoned all, almost without fighting, for the serenity of the Hindenburg line. Does he regard it as a place for an Easter holiday or as a residence?

EIGHTY KILLED IN ATTACK.

The heaviest fighting along our front has been at Beaumetz (east of Baranovitch), a stronghold on high ground. The German garrison was driven out before the fixed date, and strong counter-attacks ordered. Volunteers were demanded from the specially-trained morning troops, but the enemy was not to be taken.

Finally, on Saturday two companies were ordered to attack us. One of the two attacking from the south-east, near the road from Bapaume to Cambrai, lost, we know, eighty dead and eleven prisoners. The shelling here has been much more concentrated than elsewhere.

NERVOUS ON WHOLE FRONT

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' CAMP, FRANCE, Monday.—The only change along the line of the enemy retirement which was reported during yesterday was that our outpost in Roisel fell back a little way before a strong German force of cyclist riflemen and infantry which suddenly appeared.

We still probably hold the railway junction between Marquais and Roisel, but in any case, as the line has been destroyed, this is really an immaterial point.

The Germans showed more artillery activity than heretofore against our advance. At one spot they barraged a length of about 2,000 yards, where they presumably sniped our front line to ruin, but did not follow this up with any infantry attack.

Our own artillery immediately got on to counter-battery work, and several direct hits were observed, while a heavy explosion indicated that a shell dump had been blown up.

The attitude of the enemy seems to be of nervousness along the whole front.—Reuter's Special.

STEIN HEART-HEAVED.

The German heavy artillery has come now into play at St. Quentin, says the *Matin*, which also adds that "we are on the verge of the gravest events since the battle of the Marne."

General Stein, the Prussian War Minister, in the Budapest paper *Est*, says:—

"Our military situation on all fronts is good, and justifies the best hopes. It appears that the enemy is preparing an offensive, but we shall resist even the strongest attacks. What, then, may happen we do not know, but come what may, we shall confront everything imper- turbably."—Reuter.

GERMAN ATTACKS DRIVEN FOE ON A FIERCE FIGHT BACK WITH HEAVY LOSS.

French Push, on South of the Oise Beyond Feloubray.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Afternoon Communiqué.—Between the Somme and the Oise the Germans, during the night, renewed several times their attacks against the Essigny-Benay front.

All these attempts were stopped by our fire or repulsed by our counter-attacks.

Serious loss was inflicted on the enemy. We have maintained in their entirety the positions which we captured yesterday.

South of the Oise our advance continued, in spite of the state of the ground and the bad weather. We pushed our patrols beyond Feloubray, south of the lower Forest of Coucy.

North of Rheims our batteries blew up an enemy ammunition depot east of the Godat Farm.

Aviation.—Yesterday five German machines were brought down by our pilots. Warrant Officer Orloff brought down two, thus bringing the number of enemy aeroplanes destroyed up to now by this warrant officer to eight.

Last night one of our air squadrons dropped a thousand kilogrammes (2,200 lb.) of bombs on the factories of Thionville and of the Briey Basin, and on the railway stations of Conflans and Montmedy.—Reuter.

REFUSED TO BE SAVED.

PARIS, Monday.—Reports from Toulon state that two vessels have arrived, bringing back the survivors of the cruiser *Danton*, including the commander and the second in command, who confirm the official communiqué that the vessel was struck by two torpedoes.

Commander Delage led the work of rescue with great sang-froid. Patrol ships arrived rapidly and rescued 310 men out of a crew of 1,102. The commander refused assistance and desired to go down with his ship.—Wireless

ANOTHER PEACE MOVE.

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The *Forwaerts* fore-shadows a probable declaration by Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg on Thursday next similar to his Peace proposal of December last.

"Let us tell Russia," says the *Forwaerts*, "that she can have peace. If Russia continues to remain our enemy, she will do so for all time. We shall not be fighting against Tsarism, but against an alliance of democratic peoples which wishes to break Germany, the last bastion standing against reaction."—Wireless Press.

FOE ON A FIERCE FIGHT WITH THE FRENCH.

Berlin Claims Successful Repulses and Infliction of Heavy Losses.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

From La Bassée Canal to the southern bank of the Scarpe the artillery fighting was violent yesterday.

In the hill country to the south-west of St. Quentin our troops advanced against the French troops which had advanced across the Somme and the Cruzat Canal and inflicted heavy losses upon them in a fierce fight. One hundred prisoners, several machine guns and one infantry gun were captured.

To the east of the Allette Grand and against the Leully-Neuville line the enemy, after lively artillery preparations, brought forward to the attack considerable portions of several divisions against our advanced detachments.

Our troops repulsed the enemy, who attacked three times at certain points, with heavy losses.

Near Craonelle, to the north of the Aisne, a French advance was checked by hand-to-hand fighting. In the evening of March 25 an air squadron attacked Dunkirk. Several fires were observed. Yesterday the enemy lost eleven machines in aerial combats.

U.S. CALLS UP TWENTY MORE INFANTRY REGIMENTS

Sharp Refusal to Germany's Claim to Treaty Rights.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Twenty additional infantry regiments, besides the troops called out earlier, and five battalions of National Guard have been ordered for Federal service, for the protection of property in the event of possible internal disorders.

These troops are drawn from eighteen western and middle-western States.—Reuter.

The total number of militia regiments now called out is thirty-seven, says the Exchange, and in addition thirteen smaller units have been called out in twenty-seven States.

WASHINGTON, Monday.—Mr. Lansing to-day permitted the publication of correspondence arising out of Germany's recent proposal, through the Swiss Minister, for the ratification of the Protocol designed to give German subjects in the United States certain immunities conferred upon them by the Prusso-American Treaty in the event of war.

This proposal was rejected, and Mr. Lansing, in his correspondence, declares that Germany has flagrantly violated all the provisions of the treaty, beginning with the sinking of the *William P. Frye*.—Central News.

Reuter adds that the Government is seriously considering whether or not these treaties have not in effect already been abrogated by Germany's flagrant violations of their provisions.

DISPLAY BY MUNITION GIRLS.



A gymnastic display was given by girl munition makers at the Town Hall, Woolwich. They are all employees at the Royal Arsenal and work twelve hours daily in day and night shifts.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SPRING CLEANING

is responsible for no end of cuts, knocks and bruises, which require prompt treatment with Zam-Buk. Otherwise you may easily be let in with a festering finger, a poisoned knee, or a crippled leg.

In Zam-Buk you have a valuable, ever-ready first-aid. It is noted for its swift healing and great soothing and anti-septic properties.

*Daily Dangers
Make Zam-Buk
a Daily Need*

There is nothing like Zam-Buk for a sprained ankle or wrist, a cut finger or a crushed foot, burn or scald. Zam-Buk stops infection by disease-laden dust and prevents eczema and blood-poison.

Zam-Buk's many-sided usefulness has caused it to be described as "a surgery in a two-inch box."

SPLINTER IN HAND.

Mr. J. Motley, writing from 29, Dacre Road, Hitchin, says: "Whilst at work a thick splinter of wood passed through the palm of my hand. The wound was of such a size that I could put my little finger into it. A friend recommended Zam-Buk so I treated my wound with it, and a short course of Zam-Buk treatment effected a remarkable cure."

Zam-Buk is unequalled for Cuts, Bruises, Scrapes, Eczema, Ulcers, Bad Legs, Poisoned Wounds, Fumoles, &c. Of all Chemists and Drug Stores, or the Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds, as 1/3 or 6/- a box.

Zam-Buk

"PILLS" FOR THE BOCHE.



British shells on the western front. There are numberless theories as to why the Germans retreated, but this photograph offers a fairly obvious solution of the problem.—(Official photograph.)

FOR SOLDIERS' GRAVES.



These simple wooden crosses are for the graves of those who fall in action. All the graves are numbered and registered, so that the relatives will be able to trace them when the war is over.

DAUGHTER OF WELL-KNOWN SCOTTISH PEER A BRIDE.



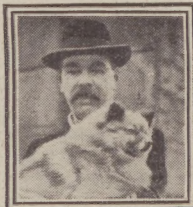
The Hon. Dorothy Dewar, daughter of Lord Forteviot (formerly Sir John Dewar), was married at Perth to Captain Cecil Neame, R.E.

CALLED UP.



A nine-year-old boy, named Meekemes, who has been called up.

GAVE ALARM.



This dog saved three lives by barking when a fire broke out at the Gostwyck Arms, North Tawton, Devon.

ART GIFT.



Lady Wernher, who has presented "The Plough" to the nation.—(Swaine.)

WALLIS'S The Mecca of the Thrifty.



This Dainty Artificial Silk Coat, in excellent new style, with Raglan sleeves, double cuffs, pockets and pointed waist belt, very brilliant finish. One size only—quite full women's.

SPECIAL PRICE
28/6

In Light Grey, Old Rose, Pink, Sky, Light Saxe, Dark Saxe, Amethyst, Champagne, Navy, Purple, Nigger, Bottle Green, Putty, Black.

A New Stock of Striped Silk Coats at

47/6 and 60/-

Also Shot effects in the best combination colours, very smart, at 45/6

Thos. Wallis & Co., Ltd.
HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C. 1.

Allen Foster & Co. THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS



Design No. 2707
SMART RAINCOAT
Made in good durable Gab Cloth, in shades of Fawn. Cut full in the skirt. All-round belt fastened in front with new twelve clasp. Lengths 48, 50, 52, and 54. Price only (Carriage Paid) 15/11



MAID'S COAT AND SKIRT

Design No. 1961
MAID'S COAT AND SKIRT
Made in all the colourings of the Oxford Serge, Navy, Nigger Brown, Grey and Black. Coat lined throughout, all round belt, fashionable pockets, deep revers. Skirt cut full, with strap at back of waist.

Skirt Lengths ... 7 23 24 25 26 inches.
Price 21/6, carriage paid.

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90 & 92, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

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SPRING & SUMMER FASHIONS
IS NOW READY.
Write for a Copy to-day, Post Free.



A Charming
NEW
MODEL

No Goods
Sent on
Approval.

The Ursula.
A Striking Panama
Brown, Bottle
Amethyst and Black
dedicated to face and trimmed ribbon to match or contrast
of Putty, Old Rose, Pink or Saxe. Medallion of roses in
Old Rose, Pink, Cerise or White, edged with tilted ribbon.
Hat also in Pink or Sky, trimmed with cord of Nigger,
Navy or Black.
Price, including Veil 8/6
Box and postage 1/4 extra (United Kingdom only).

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1917.

MUDDLE v. WORK.

WHAT General Muddle and his staff of subordinates cost the world every year, whether in war or peace, could not presumably be estimated, even in round figures, except by the Recording Angel. Were it possible to balance accounts with some degree of accuracy, the average expenses of any enterprise might be represented in this proportion:—

To getting on with it 4 millions.
To waste and muddle 3 millions.

Muddle thus runs real work very hard in our poor human management of the earth. It is like the proportion of work to talk in the average man's day: Work of man—one hour. Talking to people who want to prevent man aforesaid from getting on with work—two and a half hours. . . . But we console ourselves, in civilian life, as well as in the Army, by calling it all work and paying it or paying for it as such.

It is expensive, and perhaps eternal. . . . The thought may afford some consolation for such readings as that of the auditor's revelations, in connection with an Appropriation account, issued or analysed in the newspapers yesterday.

A very old story! Thousands melting by the minute, through muddle! Weekly, perhaps daily, the war bill increases. The millions a day go up. And the average citizen who will pay this bill—or, rather, bear the burden of the debt of it—would pay or endure cheerfully, would not mind in the least, if he could but feel that all of it were going "straight there," where it is needed, like a good shot picking off a predatory Hun.

His possible hesitation over National Service—now enjoying a final week of tub-thumping—derives from his sense of expense not rewarded by results.

He sees the immense goading of the thing. But he fears the muddle of it. However (he adds) give it a chance. . . .

Generously he would give it a chance, even if, as a scheme, it consisted of incantations over magical braziers with a view to enlisting the invisible demon of the air on our side in the war. Schemes hardly less fantastic have been proposed, accepted, supported and applied since 1914. And one of them was the suggestion to call the whole non-combatant nation to a hotel and then to tell them to go away again. . . .

But Mr. Chamberlain and his helpers have, we believe, got over their initial blunder of calling the labourer into one end of the National Labour Exchange and having no employer to meet him at the other. For definite work clearly announced the nation will volunteer innumerable, without need of goading. What it hesitates to do is to come forward vaguely for nothing and nobody. It fears that it may thus place its destiny in the hands of General Muddler, that veteran of all campaigns; and his laborious, well-meaning staff. . . .

W. M.

OUR LADY OF VIOLETS.

Mary Mother leaped from heaven,
Gazed upon my little wood,
Where the brook stood up to praise her
In the winter solitude.

Snow lay drifted on the branches,
And the undergrowth was snow—
White, all white, and far-flung purple
Where the shadows slept below.

Mary Mother smiled in heaven,
Bent and bowed o'er the earth:
While no snow lay down, 't was
From the day I gave him birth.

Mary Mother sighed in heaven,
(Long tree-shadows show a Cross):
Purple blooms afloat for sorrow,
Pinks and scarlets and loss.

Lovely thoughts of white and purple
Mary we've a winter day,
Where they fell, sprang up in April
Violets, violets all the way.

—TERESA HOOLEY.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Individually man is a weak being, but strong in union with others.—Herder.

"BACK TO THE LAND" AFTER THE WAR.

WHAT THE AGRICULTURAL REPORT REALLY MEANS.

By AGRICULTURIST.

FEW of your readers will have had time, in these overworked days, to study the Reconstruction Committee's Report (Part I.) of the Agricultural Policy Sub-Committee appointed in August, 1916. That Report has just been published.

In a nutshell—to speak in the language of "meatless days"—what is it all about?

About food. The war has brought to the attention of Commissioners and other official persons this elementary and elemental fact—there is not enough food in these islands for forty millions of people. But (you object) we all know

We did—more or less; with the result that, as we had no large army to fight Germany on the Continent, the war has lasted two and a half years and will last—who knows how much longer?

But we made another mistake. We forgot the submarine. We forgot that we might be blockaded, though our Navy were still intact and queen of the seas.

THE COMMISSIONERS' CONTRADICTION.

We know now. As to the future we do not know. Nor do the Commissioners. But the Commissioners, like the rest of us, are anxious. And what they say is this:—

"We are conscious of the possibility of a development in the construction of submarines which in a future war might make impossible a continuous supply of food to the people of the United Kingdom from overseas." And here is one other sentence from the

HOW TO SAVE OUR FOOD.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR A TIME OF CRISIS FROM OUR READERS.

POTATO PARINGS.

I HAVE read your article about waste of food. I visited two cottages lately and saw the waste of potatoes going on. I saw the parings thrown away, and I spoke of the thickness of them. Potatoes should be boiled in the skin.

If the Board of Education provided for cookery lessons in all the village schools much waste in food would be prevented. J. A. F. Basingstoke.

HUNTING AND FOOD.

IN these days of food scarcity, would not farmers everywhere be justified in shooting foxes, though by doing so they might outrage all laws of "sport" and hunting etiquette?

To-day I heard of a farmer who for the past fortnight has lost a lamb a night through the depredations of Reynard, and another farmer has recently lost three ewes that have died as the result of fighting foxes to defend their little ones.

Hunting may be all very well in normal times, but if foxes are to be preserved at the expense of the nation's supply of potential mutton I think, for one, that it should not be continued. Or, at all events, that to shoot a fox should no longer be considered a crime. HODGE.

SUGAR HOARDING.

IF there are well-to-do people who find themselves in possession of more sugar than they are entitled to, may I suggest they arrange with their grocer to dispose of it to the highest bidder, the proceeds to go to the Red Cross Fund, and the sugar to the nearest hospital? They would thereby (1) do a good turn to sweet charity, (2) relieve their consciences, (3) avoid publicity. J. W. KING.

FROM CANADA.

YOUR article by "W. M." of January 30 is highly appreciated; the last paragraph, in particular, is inspiring to England's well-wishers. I echo (back) his words that the "sense of stability and quietness to private life" counts for more in national life than many people realise or understand.

I assert here that England has been saved from disaster by those families who have retained their old-time respectability and "tone" of character. Your records would show it. WILLIAM WEEBES, Regina, Sask., Canada. March 8.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 28.—The owner of even the smallest garden should make a point of growing a good supply of lettuces this season. Seed can now be sown in a nursery bed, the seedlings being picked out about a foot apart each way later on. Or the seed may be sown in drills that run one foot apart, and the plants thinned out from time to time. This is certainly the best procedure for the later sowings, since, during hot weather, the young plants would be difficult to move. E. F. T.

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' "VOLUNTARY" RETREAT.

SHOWING HOW BIG AND LITTLE WILLIE WERE WONT TO WALK ABROAD IN DAYS NOW PAST



THEY STILL WALK — BUT WITH A DIFFERENCE !



They are celebrating their "triumphant withdrawal" from France with a great deal of clamour and boasting. According to them, they are winning by walking backwards!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

that before. We were all—even official people—perfectly well aware that we could not feed out our own people off our own land. We could do it and did it once. Towards the beginning of the nineteenth century we ceased to be able to do it. All through the nineteenth century we became less and less able to do it. At the beginning of this age of "progress," this twentieth century of ours, we had become dependent upon imported wheat to the extent of four-fifths of our consumption!

And, before the war, these very facts were used in argument against the alleged necessity of a very large army for purposes of home defence. People said: "What's the good? If we lose at sea, we are lost. No invasion would be needed. We could be starved out. We must stake all on our fleet."

report: "Burdened with a huge debt, the nation will be strongly interested in producing as much as possible of its food at home, in order that it may buy as little as possible abroad. Exhausted in man power, it will find in the expansion of the rural population of these islands the best restorative of its vitality and creative energy."

The Commissioners do not seem to see the contradiction!

In one sentence they say: "We cannot feed our people." In the next: "We want more people to feed!"

The first proposition is true—we cannot feed our people. The second is untrue—we do not want more people to feed; but healthier, better-distributed, better-educated, fitter people and fewer. With a larger number of survivors of the fit, smaller numbers of

unit from birth, and a better quality all round we could fight Germany better than we do now, hampered by an enormous surplus number of unfit and too many women. That is, I believe, the truth. When will it be recognised?

The Commissioners have another view. They do not deny that we cannot feed our people at home. But they assert (or imply) that we shall be able to do so, if we play conjuring-tricks with the land!

Now much may be done if agriculture is revolutionised in these islands. Enormously greater supplies of food can be produced. What I want to ask is can enough food be produced indefinitely to feed forty millions?

If not, what is the real essence of the problem?

I leave your readers to answer.

NEW SPRING DRESS



Miss Faith Bevan, who is playing in "The Maid of the Mountains," wearing a new spring dress with a large sailor hat.—(Lallie Charles.)

AUSTRALIANS ON THE HEELS OF THE ENEMY.



Rushing up artillery A great battle is developing in the west, where the Germans are resisting stubbornly.—(Australian official.)

HUNS'



Roye Town Hall, which the evacuation the Hun offer

SERVING.



Nurse Amy E. Harrison, who is serving in France. She belongs to Stockton-on-Tees.



Cpl. J. T. Putland, Military Medal. He has been at the front since September, 1914.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA AT THE FRONT.



The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch stroking his charger. The photograph was taken in the Carpathians when he was in command of a Caucasian Division and shows him with a group of officers.

PEER SUPPORTS BUTLER AT A PATRIOTIC MASS MEETING.



Domestic servants representing ducal households and the humblest kitchens in suburbia met together at Drury Lane Theatre yesterday and pledged themselves to carry out Lord Devonport's food restrictions. The chairman, Mr. J. Sheppard, Lord Rothschild's butler at Tring Park, is seen speaking. Supporting him are Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mrs. C. S. Peel, Director of Women's Service, Ministry of Food.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

AN ARMY OF WOMEN FOR FRANCE.



In khaki uniform.



For wet weather.

Two battalions of the women's auxiliary army which is to replace men in occupations behind the firing line are ready for service abroad.

MAYOR AT



Alderman Ormonde, J. Newington, who gave hand workers to Hford day, lending a hand at put in a hard

A SAILOR



Pic. Frederick Neill (Gloucestershire Regt.). Write to 6, Gloucester-row, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

E ENEMY. HUNS' CALCULATED BRUTALITY.

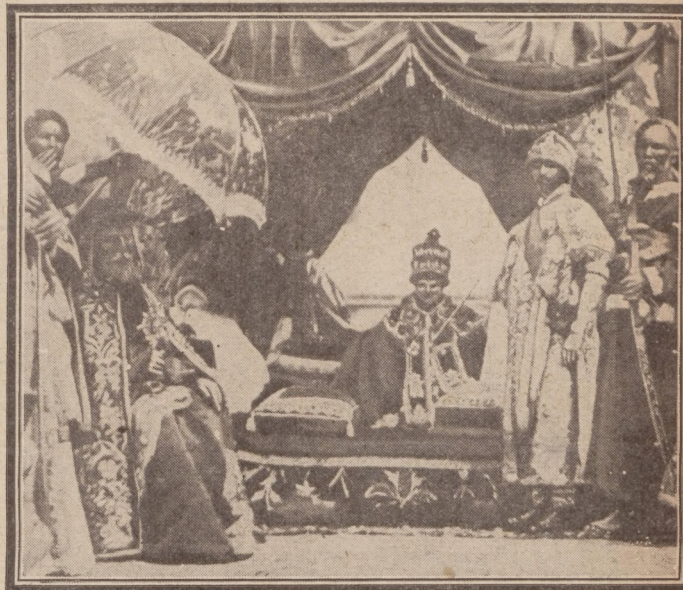


ly.—(Australian official.)



Roye Town Hall, which, there is every reason to believe, was destroyed by an explosion. During the evacuation the Huns exceeded all previous records for brutality, for which their Press is offering lame excuses.—(French War Office photograph.)

ABYSSINIA HAS A NEW RULER.



The new "Empress of Ethiopia" crowned and enthroned. She is a diminutive person.

THE FRONT.



s taken in the Carpathians group of officers.

MAYOR AT THE PLOUGH.



Alderman Ormonde, J.P., Mayor of Stoke Newington, who conveyed a local party of hand workers to Ilford by motor-car on Sunday, lending a hand at the plough. Everyone put in a hard day's work.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.



2nd Lieut. G. V. Lindsayley (Welsh Fusiliers), who has died of wounds.



2nd Lieut. H. C. S. Throssell (Suffolk Regiment), who has been killed in action.

A BELGIAN ORDER.

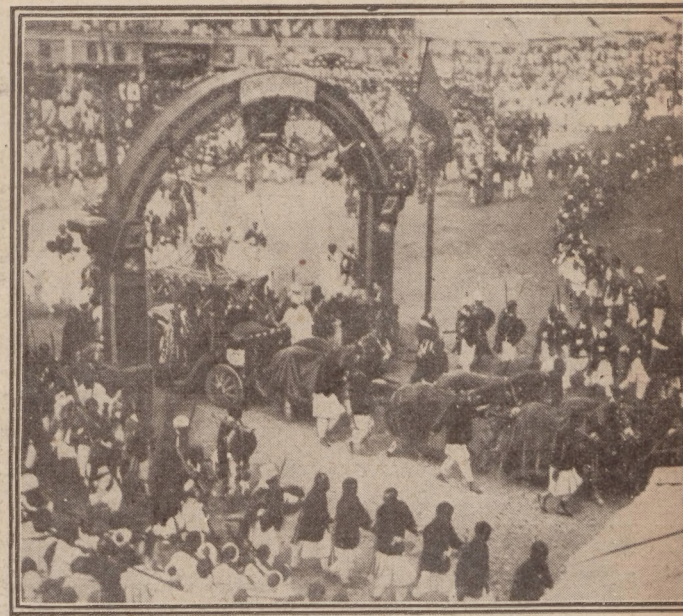


Flight Commander C. C. R. Edwards, R.N.A.S., created a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

ASS MEETING.



met together at Drury Lane tions. The chairman, Mr. g him are Lord Balfour of ity Mirror photograph.)



The royal carriage on its way to the palace.

Lidj Jeassu, Menelik's grandson, who succeeded to the throne of Abyssinia, has been deposed, and Zaeditu, the daughter of the late Emperor, now reigns in his stead. She was crowned at Addis Abeba, the capital, last month, with much pomp and ceremony.

A SAILOR AND A COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR AMONG THE MISSING MEN OF WHOM NEWS IS SOUGHT.



Pte. Frederick Ne'el (Gloucestershire Regt.). Write to 6, Gloucester-row, Wotton - under - Edge, Glos.



Pte. W. A. J. Trott (Royal Fusiliers). Write to Mrs. Trott, 20, Verdantlane, Catford, London, S.E.



Pte. Henry Fawcett (Seaforths). Write to Mrs. Fawcett, Ramden-tree, Littleton, Liversedge, Yorks.



Pte. C. J. Brown (East Kent Regiment). Write to Mrs. C. J. Brown, 10, Rose Cottage, Leeson, Charing, Kent.



Pte. A. T. Beck (Sherwood Foresters). Write to Mr. Beck, who lives at 30, Sherwin-street, Derby.



Pte. Percy A. Andrews (Royal Fusiliers). Write to Mr. Andrews, 31, Queen-square, Strathbungo, Glasgow, Scotland.



H. K. T. Woolford (R.F.R.). Write to Mrs. K. Woolford, who lives at 10, Russell-road, Salisbury.



Co. - Sergt. - Maj. D. McGonigle (Inniskilling Fusiliers). Write to 34, Bellevue-avenue, Londonderry.



J.B. Side Spring Corsets

The Corsets of
Distinction.

Satisfaction.

TO get complete Corset-satisfaction, many women have erroneously believed that one must pay a high price; besides having definite and absolute superiority in every direction—in style, distinctiveness and quality of materials—J.B. Side-Spring Corsets have the great additional feature of value.

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1,000,000 FREE HAIR-HEALTH OUTFITS.



Every reader may now have a wonderful gift that will enable them to commence a fascinating Hair Beauty Experiment at Home.
(See coupon below.)

Royal Hair Specialist's Special War Time Gift to "Daily Mirror" Readers.

beautiful hair. "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the Royal road to Hair Beauty. It only occupies two minutes a day, and you can try it now, free of cost.

If you suffer from:—

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Scalp Irritation | 5. Slighting Hair |
| 2. Partial Baldness | 6. Over-cleansing |
| 3. Straggling Hair | 7. Scurf or Dandruff |
| 4. Falling Hair | 8. Unruly Wiry Hair |

9. Hair Thinning

Here is what Mr. Edwards offers free to-day to 1,000,000 applicants:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleanser, "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

Once you have experienced the splendid hair-growing and hair-improving properties of "Har-

TO-DAY, you can have hair health and beauty for the asking. The Royal Hair Specialist, Mr. Edwards—whose generous gifts to those suffering from hair troubles have already caused such a sensation—has decided, as a special War-time Gift, to distribute yet another 1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits free.

FREE!



There are thousands of people to-day suffering from Hair troubles who, by accepting the splendid Hair Beauty Gift offered here, could unquestionably not only overcome those troubles, but greatly enhance the appearance of their hair. One million "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits are to-day offered to the public, and if you take a pride in your appearance you will accept one of these four-fold Gift parcels.

It may not be generally known that since the war began there has been an ever-increasing prevalence of hair troubles. While women (especially women workers) have been the greatest sufferers, very few men of middle-age have escaped.

It is my most earnest ambition," says Mr. Edwards, "to give every man and woman an opportunity to prove for themselves what 'Harlene Hair-Drill' can actually do—has done already, in thousands of cases—to improve their hair both in quantity and quality."

"Harlene Hair-Drill" is the true secret of hair beauty and health.

EASY LESSONS AND EXERCISES

IN HAIR CULTURE.

It is Mr. Edwards' opinion, based on his unique and extensive experience as a Royal Hair Specialist, that a great deal of present-day hair trouble is due to lack of knowledge as to how to acquire and preserve healthy,

lens" after a Free Trial, you will always be able to obtain future supplies from your local chemist at 1/11, 2/3, or 4/9 per bottle. (In solidified form "Harlene" is now ready for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., sold in tins at 2/9, with full directions as to use.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1/- and 2/6 per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders 2d. each, or 1s. per box of seven shampoos.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed. Write to-day.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

Fill in and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Fourfold Hair-growing Outfit as described above. Enclose 4d. in stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 27/17.

THE PATENT Treasure Cot

The Perfect Nest for Baby

COSY—HYGIENIC—PORTABLE.

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ACTING for Films.—Beginners with, explanatory guide from—Victoria Cine Studio, 36, Rathbone-place, W.1.
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CINEMA Operating.—Beginners wanted to train; call or write—Victoria Studio, 36, Rathbone-pl., W.1.
CIVIL Service.—Ladies required for London telephone exchange, over fifteen and under twenty years of age; minimum bright 10/- wages; while learning; when efficient, sixteen years of age and over wages, with allowances, 12s. to 25s. 6d., according to age; period to become efficient average seven weeks.—Apply in person between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. (9 a.m. and 12 noon Saturdays), or by letter to Controller, 22, St. Bride-st. (near Ludgate-circus), E.C.4.
LADY Clerk (experienced) wanted at once in a City printing and stationery establishment.—Apply by letter only, stating qualifications, age, references and salary required to "Clark," Box 389, c/o Judd's, 97, Gresham-st., E.C.2.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL teeth (Old) bought.—Messrs. Browning, Dental Manufacturers, 83, Oxford-st., London. (The Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or other made; call or post; est. 100 years.)
AUTOMATIC Fresh Cold Bought.—We pay as advertised on valuable up to 7s. per tooth, silver 12s., gold 15s., platinum 22s.; immediate cash or offers; call with or post, parcels, mention "Daily Mirror," Messrs. Paget, The Reliable Firm, 219, Oxford-st., London. Estd. 150 years.
COSTLY Ladies' discarded clothing, all kinds; old gold, G silver, teeth, ornaments; prompt cash.—Pearce and Co., 133, Gray, Innd., London. Established 1896.
CROWN Silver Jewellery, old Teeth (any condition), Plate, G silver, highest prices.—Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st., W.
HIGHEST Prices by return, good quality's suits, overcoats, G silver, ladies', children's costumes, boots, shoes, etc.; also artificial teeth.—M. Hay, 65, Theobald's-wd., W.C.1.

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.

TALKING Parrots, from 12s. 6d.; three months' warranty.—Chapman, Parrot Aviaries, Birmingham.

TOBACCO HABIT

CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS.



I offer a remedy for tobacco or snuff habit. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. For each and every man who craves and craves for cigarettes, cigars, pipes, chewing tobacco, or snuff. Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, rashes, belching, yawning, or other uncomfortable sensations in stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neuritis, involution, memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, emaciation, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is easy and torturing to attempt to rid yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by suddenly stopping with will-power. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves, and generally overcome the craving. You can give up tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells about the wonderful 3 days' method. Inexpensive, reliable. Book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit, with power, and full particulars, sent in plain wrappers FREE to anyone who sends name and address in answer to this advertisement. Keep this show it to others. EDWARD J. WOODS, Ltd., 19, Norfolk St., G167, B.N., London, W.C.2.

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PETER LYSTER: THE MAN WHO FOUGHT

By RUBY M. AYRES.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NAN MARRABY,

a charming girl, who became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France.

PETER LYSTER,

who has lost his memory as the result of shock. He has forgotten that he is engaged to Nan.

JOAN ENDICOTT,

Nan's friend, whose husband is at the front. She and Nan are living together.

JOHN ARNOTT,

a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.



NAN MARRABY became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she tries to keep up her courage and to hope for the best even when the outlook seems darkest. She devotes herself to cheering and giving strength to her friend, Joan Endicott, whose husband is also serving in France, and who is weak and clinging, but Nan is strong and brave, and most of the burden falls upon her shoulders. They live together in a little flat, each anxiously waiting for the news that she dreads and hoping for the safe return of the man she loves.

At last news reaches that Peter has been seriously wounded. She hears the blow heroically, and becomes more attentive than ever to Joan, who is desperately worried about her husband. Tim keeps a brave face to the fore, although her heart is torn with anxiety. Then come tidings that Peter is out of danger.

Nan decides to go and see Peter at once. Very reluctantly, Arnott takes Nan to the hotel at which he is staying with Peter. Once more, she tries to dissuade her from what he knows will be a painful interview, but she insists upon going on. Alone she goes into the smoking-room, where Peter is talking with great animation to a friend.

A terrible suspicion—a suspicion of which she feels ashamed—flashes in Nan's mind. Peter seems so well and so normal, that she wonders whether he has really lost his memory—or whether she has been cruelly deceived.

Are you looking for anything?" the girl who is with Peter asks.

Nan hesitatingly explains that she thinks she must have left her gloves elsewhere. Peter, who helps her to look for them, but although their eyes meet he does not remember Nan at all.

The next day Arnott brings Nan the packet of letters she had written to Peter.

Joan receives a telegram from her husband to say that he is returning home on leave. She is delighted, and almost like a selfish child in her delight, says to Nan: "I hope you won't think me very horrid, but, of course, when Tim comes home I shall want you all to himself, and I was wondering if you'd mind going away for just those few days?"

Nan gives a queer little laugh. "I can go home and—or to some friends," she replies.

While walking near Oxford-circus Nan is hailed by John Arnott. A little behind him is Peter Lyster. They have left their party, and Peter is looking at Nan with attention, and to her all hope of regaining the man she loves seems dead. Arnott is delighted to hear that Nan has left, and he is going to see her.

"That's only two miles from my sister's place," he says.

There is no reflection of John Arnott's delight in Nan's face. She had made up her mind to refuse his invitation to his sister's house. She had meant to be so brave and strong, and keep away from Peter by going to her own home.

Arriving home, after leaving Peter and Arnott, Nan receives a telephone call. Her sister, Joan, is suddenly. She leaves at once for her father's house. As the train is leaving the station a man jumps into Nan's compartment.

"I beg your pardon," he says to her. "But aren't you Miss Maraby? My name is Sefton—you and I had dinner together the last night he was in England."

THE CALL OF DUTY.

A WAVE of crimson rushed over Nan's face; with distressed eyes she stared at the man. "Of course—I remember you perfectly," she said. "I—I—remember you perfectly." She gave him her hand; her mind seemed to be working a telegraphic code. Her sister, Joan, Peter since his return from France? If so, had he heard anything?

"It's odd how one meets people again," she hardly knew what she was saying. "I suppose you don't live down this way—my home is at Leavenham; I am just going there now."

"I don't really live here," he answered; "but, as a matter of fact, I've taken a furnished house for the spring and summer months. I was always rather keen on the country."

"A house—in Leavenham?" Nan asked, breathlessly.

No, but in a village quite close—Little Gadsden. He saw that she was changing in her face. "You know it, of course?" he asked.

"I know some people living there—at least—some people named—." She broke off; she forgot that she had never heard the name of Arnott's wife's father. "It's quite close to my home," she added, awkwardly.

"That's capital," Sefton looked pleased. He was rather a striking-looking man, whose age might have been anything between forty and fifty. Nan remembered that Peter had told her that he was well over military age.

"I hope we shall see a great deal of one another," he added.

Nan flushed.

"I don't expect I shall go out very much,"

she said, constrainedly. She was not sure that she liked this man. "As a matter of fact, I was wired for this afternoon—my stepmother and I were to go very suddenly, and—there are three little boys left."

Sefton said he was sorry; he looked hard at Nan now and then.

"Are you going to stay at home—permanently, then?" he asked.

"I gather from what you say that you have not been living at home."

She rather resented his tone and raised her head a little.

"I really don't know," she answered, and looked away from him out of the window at the flying country. The fields and trees were all wearing the new spring frocks of green—there were small lambs skipping about in the cool, fresh grass, and away on the right a little gurgling stream rippled along under a low bridge of moss-grown stones.

Nan looked at it. It was odd, she was thinking, that never until now, when she had less cause than ever in her life before to love the country, it should strike her as being so beautiful.

She thought of the woods at Leavenham, and the long walks across the fields and round the lanes. Once she had thought to walk there with Peter—to know what it was to be absolutely and completely happy; but in the end she had found that her dreams had been shattered, and instead of the future to which she had looked forward with such cheery optimism she seemed only to see herself a slave to the three small motherless boys for whom she had never really had much affection.

Perhaps a great belief in duty—some people are made that way, and can no more help doing their duty than others can help having straight hair—and already Nan seemed to see the rest of her life mapped out for her.

Perhaps, Lyster thought, the man opposite to her was saying, "I hope you have good news of him?"

Nan turned her head slowly; the question had been asked in all innocence, she knew; apparently Sefton knew nothing of what had happened.

"Mr. Lyster is in London," she said.

"Indeed." His rather subtle smile brought the colour to her face; she knew what he was thinking; knew that he had known that she and Lyster had been engaged to be married.

Perhaps Lyster had been seeing something of him, then, he said, easily. "Quite a coincidence—that we should all three meet in such a quiet little spot as Leavenham. Lyster will be coming down, of course?"

"I don't think so," Nan forced herself to smile, though she felt as if she could have killed him for compelling her to talk about a subject that gave her such pain.

Her mind leapt ahead into the future, and she knew that this man must hear sooner or later what had happened. In small villages like Leavenham and Little Gadsden everybody knows everybody's business and talks about it. Of course, Lyster, too, would hear, should he go away with Arnott and his sister.

She forced herself to go on: "Perhaps I had better tell you that Mr. Lyster and I are no longer engaged," she said. Her voice was quite dead, but Sefton did not seem to notice.

He had some underlying emotion; perhaps it was the very calmness of her voice that told him—the rather fixed gaze of her eyes.

He raised his brows. "Is that so?—I must sympathise with Lyster," he added courteously.

"I really don't think you need trouble," Nan answered rather curtly. "We just discovered, that we had—made a mistake." The last words were rather a rush.

He said, "I hope if ever you need my name to him at all. I always think such things are best completely forgotten—don't you?"

She was clever enough to appear to be confiding in him, and not to let him flatter himself by hinting that she was. Sefton was completely taken in by her this time at least.

He leaned forward a little and for a moment touched her hand with his own.

"I think it is a most sensible view to take," he said. "If all women were like you, Miss Maraby—"

Nan drew back with a faint laugh. She wondered if he knew how very near she was to turning on him and saying that he was a near neighbour. So far he had found Little Gadsden rather boring.

"So you have three small stepbrothers?" he said.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you will allow me to take them out in my car sometimes," he suggested. "I have a great deal of time on my hands and I am very fond of children."

Nan did not quite believe it, but she thanked him and said that it was a kind suggestion. She wished she had not met this man to-day. She would much rather have had the journey down alone. "I suppose I'm horrid and ungrateful," she told herself. "I dare say he means to be kind."

"What you have just told me of yourself and Lyster," the man opposite her was saying casually, "reminds me of a very similar case which I heard about last night. The man, of my friend's mine, too, strangely enough, and he rushed into marriage just before going to France. Quite a nice little girl he married. He'd only known her a very few days—one of those war marriages, you know. I believe he was awfully fond of him, but he—"

he shrugged his shoulders—"he was the sort of man to be taken by any pretty face. . . . Anyway, his wife found out the other day—quite by chance—that he had come home on leave and never let her know."

(She went to see him, of course, and the fellow had the audacity to pretend that he didn't know her.)

THE MAN WHO PRETENDED.

NAN caught her breath, her cheeks flamed; for a moment she thought that he had heard about herself and Peter and was saying this to see what effect it would have on her, but one glance at his face assured her that this was not so. She forced herself to composure, she even laughed.

"And you are comparing myself and Mr. Lyster to this melodramatic pair?" she asked lightly.

"Not in the least, I assure you," he answered quickly. "It was more the fact of your having broken your engagement that recalled the incident to my mind. I have no faith in these hurried war weddings—they so often spell disaster. It's far better to wait, as you did, until you are sure of a man's character, and find out whether there is anything in it all beyond the glamour of a man's uniform and the romance of parting—"

Nan swallowed hard—she kept her eyes fixed on his face; she felt suddenly fascinated.

"And—the girl you spoke of just now?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Poor little thing—one cannot be felt sorry for her, but for that matter, neither can I, friend of mine, it seemed rather a low-down game to play."

"You mean?" she asked, with an effort.

"I mean, to pretend that he had lost his memory and did not know her. . . ."

Nan looked at him with a gasp. "Lost his memory!" she echoed.

"That is what he pretended, and, of course, all the time"—Sefton laughed callously—"I need not say that there was another woman in the world."

Nan felt as if her whole body had grown suddenly cold. She leaned back in the corner with a feeling of dreadful weakness.

"Another woman! But . . . but, oh, how could he!"

Sefton looked at her with a faint smile. "I have learned never to be surprised at anything that happens nowadays," he said, rather cynically. "The world seems to have turned upside down during the last few years, and I find myself making excuses for things that would have disgusted me before the war." He let the window down with a rattle. "I think we must be near Little Gadsden now," he said.

"How are you going to get out to Leavenham?"

"There will be a trap of some sort," Nan answered. "There generally is. And if not I shall leave my bag at the station, and walk. I had no time to let them know I was coming by this train."

"My car will meet me," he told her. "I shall be delighted to drive you out if I may."

Nan looked at him with a gasp. But she thought it would seem absurd. Besides, she was not anxious for the walk. "It's very kind of you," she said.

The train ran into the station and Sefton opened the door. A liveried man came forward to meet him and took his suitcase. Sefton indicated Nan's modest bag on the rack.

"I am going over to Leavenham first," he said. "He and Nan walked out of the station together."

It was evening now, but the sun still shone, sending long slanting beams of gold through the trees. Nan drew a long breath; it was better than the cold of the day. She had been looking along the lanes in Sefton's car she caught little glimpses of yellow primroses in the woods, and now and then the faint, elusive scent of wood violets.

She need not tell you that there was another woman in the case all the time. . . . The words which the man beside her had spoken haunted her. There was something parallel between her own story and the one of which he had just told her. But she had not intended to have lost his memory, whilst Peter . . . she closed her eyes for a moment, and thought of Peter Lyster's worn face as she had seen it only that morning; the tired, rather dispirited look in his eyes, the absent-minded indifference in which he had seemed to regard everything. And she hated herself because it was possible to doubt him.

How could she, how could she! She asked herself reproachfully. She, who had known him so well, loved him so dearly—and yet, deep down in her heart she knew that the doubt still smouldered and only waited the breath of seeming certainty to fan it into flame.

Sefton tried to talk to her every now and then, but Nan only answered in monosyllables, and presently he let her alone, though from time to time he looked at her in a curiously quizzical way. He had covered the two miles between the two villages now, and Nan sat up with a faint flush in her cheeks.

The few stragglers in the road looked after her curiously; for though she so seldom went home now, they all knew her by sight, and it occurred to her for the first time that they must be thinking it strange that she should be driving with this man.

Every inch of the road recalled incidents in her not too happy childhood—the wide expanse of green in the heart of the village where the old-fashioned pump of which she had spoken in fun to Arnott still stood; the small cottages grouped together; the ivy-covered church and the gabled vicarage standing against a background of high trees—she looked at them all as one looks at an old friend for whom one has an affection won by time, and not from any real personal liking.

She knew how her stepmother had patronised the women in the village, and wondered if they

(Continued on page 11.)

MOTHER! IF YOUR CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED,

If Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Bilious, and the Stomach Out of Order, Give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative to-day saves a bilious child to-morrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste: then the liver grows sluggish, and the stomach is disordered.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, with tainted breath, restless, doesn't eat heartily, or has a cold, sore throat, or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is a perfectly harmless dose, and in a few hours all this constipation-poison, sour bile and fermenting waste-matter will gently move out of the bowels, and you will have a healthy, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs" at 1/3 and 2/- per bottle. Refuse substitutes.

—(Adv't.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN FEARS.

All women realise that they can scarcely expect to escape, from time to time, suffering which men are not called upon to endure. But not all women know—though the fact might easily suggest itself—that what is really behind all these miseries is something wrong with the blood.

Most often, especially when a girl is entering womanhood, the one cause of pain, low spirits, headaches, nervousness, and all the ills of this miserable condition of health—too little blood, or blood that is thin and poor—is sometimes the cause of decline, leading to consumption, at this age. In full womanhood, other miseries come to some women, due again to scarcity of good blood; and when middle age approaches, the penalty which has to be paid is the punishment which Nature exacts for neglecting the blood.

Every woman, at the first sign of ill-health, should obtain Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, for this medicine has made a great reputation by the suffering which it has spared women. Dr. Williams' pink pills build up the blood, and so restore health, and that is why it is important to avoid substitutes.

A Free Book, very useful at all ages, can be had by sending a postcard to the Hints Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, asking for "Plain Talks to Women."—(Adv't.)

How to Keep all the Bright Lights in your Hair.

Quite recently I was talking to one of our most popular actresses, whose glorious golden hair is the admiration of every man and the envy of every woman. How do you manage to keep your hair so soft, bright and silky? I asked. "It is really awfully simple once you have learnt the secret," she confessed, "and the secret of beautiful hair is a good shampoo."

Every ten days I treat mine to a thorough cleansing with a shampoo made by mixing a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. This I find absolutely perfect for my hair, for it not only keeps it fair, but keeps it from losing all the bright lights and natural gloss—in fact, I rather think it must have a stimulating effect on the roots, for ever since I have used it I have noticed that my hair does not thin out at all, and seems to have grown thicker and longer than it was before.

Any good chemist will supply you with an original packet of stallax granules sufficient for 25 shampoos, and all you have to do is to mix a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Notice the improvement which even one shampoo will make in your hair, by bringing out all the natural tints and making it soft and glossy, glowing with a tendency towards a natural wave.—M.

—(Adv't.)

Peach's Curtains

IMPERIAL HEM CURTAINS (Patent). NOVELTY "BIPEX CASEMENT CURTAINS" (Regd.). Obtainable only direct.

Sent free New Catalogue, with full particulars, Practical Hints for Curtains Treatment, choice of Curtains that last. MARKERS.

Face Curtains, Muslin, Net, Caseament, and all you have to do is to mix a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Notice the improvement which even one shampoo will make in your hair, by bringing out all the natural tints and making it soft and glossy, glowing with a tendency towards a natural wave.—M.

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—(Adv't.)

Imperial Hem Curtains (Patent). Novelty "Bipex Casement Curtains" (Regd.). Obtainable only direct. Sent free New Catalogue, with full particulars, Practical Hints for Curtains Treatment, choice of Curtains that last. MARKERS.

Face Curtains, Muslin, Net, Caseament, and all you have to do is to mix a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Notice the improvement which even one shampoo will make in your hair, by bringing out all the natural tints and making it soft and glossy, glowing with a tendency towards a natural wave.—M.

—(Adv't.)



Viscountess Ingestre, who recently underwent an operation, progressing satisfactorily.



Rev. Samuel Bickersteth, D.D., who has been appointed a Canon of Canterbury.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

A Force That is Ready for Any and Every Emergency.

HAVE you noticed the men of the Volunteer Force recently? You see them engaged on various duties everywhere. They are, as a class, stalwart, alert looking men, with pride in their port and more of youth in their gait than you might expect if you knew their age.

Useful Now.

I REMEMBER that early in the war it was the custom to poke quiet fun at their warlike disposition. Even the authorities did not take them as seriously as the Volunteers desired. Now, all is different.

"Ready, Aye, Ready."

THEY HAVE won their way not only into the confidence of the War Office, but into the regard of the public. We are all ready now to believe that the Volunteers will give a good account of themselves if and when their services are needed. I saw one of them yesterday with a sixty-pound pack on his back and a ten-pound rifle on his shoulder. He looked every inch the serviceable soldier I know him to be.

Rumour and the Rumourists.

RUMOUR is a proverbially lying jade. During the last two or three days she has surprised herself in mendacity. The week-end "scares" appear to have died down. Mr. Bonar Law has effectually nailed one misstatement to the counter. There hasn't been a raid on the East Coast—or anywhere else. So we may set our minds at rest, and get on with our business. And I do not think we need be greatly disturbed by the next rumour we may happen to hear, whatever it may be.

Democracy Personified.

NOT EVEN the Russian revolution has given us such an insight into the growth of war democracy as did the great servants' food meeting yesterday at Drury Lane. There was one of Lord Lansdowne's household telling us from the platform what we ought to do, the while Lady Lansdowne, with Lady Kerry and Lady Balfour of Burleigh—another speaker's wife—listened from the boxes.

Domestic Orators.

BY FAR the best speech of the afternoon was delivered by Mr. Spedding, who controls the households of the Duke of Portland. Neither Lord Balfour of Burleigh's appeal nor Mr. Harry Lauder's pawky humour came up to the constructive level of Mr. Spedding's well-delivered speech. He gave advice—on stock-taking, rationing, board-wages—where the others just asserted the need to do something.

Science and the Cinema.

THE CINEMA has at least one devotee among the members of the commission who are just now considering its use and influence. He is Dr. Saleeby, the Eugenist leader, who is a frequent patron of the "movies." He tells me that he finds it a welcome and entertaining rest after much writing or speaking. One of these days, "Who's Who" will chronicle among the recreations of the great "watching the pictures."



Dr. C. W. Saleeby.

The Handy Man.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT in a daily paper is suggestive: "Good cocktail mixer seeks situation as barman or valet."

It must be a thirsty soul who requires his valet to be a good cocktail mixer above all other things.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

The "Field" Inquiry.

I LOOKED in to the Law Courts yesterday morning to hear the opening of the *Field* inquiry. There was an imposing array of learned counsel, and the court was khaki-sprinkled with staff officers. Otherwise but little public interest appeared to be evinced in the proceedings. Mr. Justice Shearman looked, somehow, less judicial without his wig. Sir Frederick Smith talked with great eloquence, and Mr. Ellis Griffith took copious notes.

A Cold Court.

IT WAS a cold court, and every moment it seemed to get colder. One after another the counsel put on their overcoats. The president held out valiantly, but at length he, too, succumbed, and was helped into his greatcoat by the court usher. An apparently interested spectator of the proceedings was Lord Moulton.

Ploughgirls' Plaints.

I HEAR from an official at St. Ermin's that the chief difficulty with the women's land army is that girls who do not know their muscular strength as yet have to sign on for the duration of war. The 18s. wage is a cause for trouble, too, since men get a 25s. minimum, and, after all, living is no cheaper for a woman than for a man.

A "Cert."

I MET a well-known advocate of premium bonds yesterday looking satisfied and confident. "The barriers of prejudice in official quarters," he said, "have been practically broken down and you can now regard premium bonds as a 'cert.' in the very near future."

The Politician and the Pulpit.

I NOTICE that Mr. G. W. E. Russell is to preach at St. Margaret Patten, in the City, to-morrow. The spectacle of the politician in the pulpit is becoming a fairly familiar one. It isn't long since Lord Selborne, Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. George Lansbury delivered messages to the multitude from the lectern of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. If Mr. Russell preaches as well as he writes he should certainly be worth hearing.

Colonel Roosevelt's Kindness.

A FRIEND in New York writes to me that Colonel Roosevelt always practises what he preaches. He has been Belgium's friend from the start of the war. Now he has adopted twenty Belgian children, whom he will support from his own purse until the war ends. Other New Yorkers are following his example.

The Potato Ban.

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND has, I hear, given up potatoes. The habit appears to be growing. A well-known woman suggested to me yesterday that all hotels and restaurants should strike potatoes from their menus. People who can afford to have other vegetables should avoid potatoes.

A May Matinee.

LADY TENTERDEN tells me that she and Miss Esme Beringer are plotting together for a matinee in aid of the Officers' Families' Fund. Mr. C. B. Cochran has given the Ambassadors Theatre for the afternoon of May 15.

Finished.

I NOTE that the Finnish troops joined the Russian revolution. No wonder it ended so quickly.

Curious Composition.

I AM told by Mr. "Ronny" Waklyn, the ballad composer, that he is busy on a revue, to be produced shortly in the West End. Mr. Waklyn's method of composition is peculiar, because it is done entirely by ear, and is written down by another person. Indeed he reads music with difficulty, and plays almost entirely by ear.

The Weaker Weapon.

I HEAR that another London editor is shortly going to discard the pen for the sword. The latest recruit from the "street of ink" is Mr. Clifford Sharpe, the editor of the *New Statesman*, who is "joining up" as a "Tommy" in the Royal Horse Artillery.



Mr. Ronald Waklyn.

Princess Patricia.

EVERYONE will be glad to hear that Princess Patricia has recovered from her illness and expects to be up and about again in two or three days. The Princess is a great favourite, not only with the Canadian soldiers, but with the English "Tommies," and is keenly interested in all that concerns their welfare.

The Queen's Brooch.

CHRISTIE'S SALE ROOMS, these days, are the favoured haunt of the connoisseur. The Red Cross Sale is drawing people with money to King-street. Yesterday I looked in for a minute, and stayed for half an hour. During that time I saw the gold brooch, which was the gift of the Queen, sold for £160. Yesterday's sale, I notice, totalled £9,288 10s.

Actress-Nurse.

GOOD EMOTIONAL ACTRESSES are scarce; wherefore I regret to hear that Miss Olga Netherole has resolved not to appear in public again till after the war. At present she devotes herself to hospital work.

The Fe-Mailed Fist.

GERMANY is making urgent demands upon its women workers. Enter the Femaleaid Fist!

"Erminie."

IT IS LONG SINCE the sparkling melodies of "Erminie" captured the town, and not much has been heard of its composer. The other day, however, I met M. Jakobowski, looking very well, and desirous of my opinion on some new waltzes he had composed.

English Light Opera.

TALKING OF MUSICIANS, the late Osmond Carr was, at the time of his tragically sudden death, busy with a new light opera on an Old English theme. The libretto was to be written by a well-known contributor to the lighter side of the London Press. Dr. Carr was always a firm believer in an all-British light opera.

Arding & Hobbs

LIMITED

STRIKING ECONOMY VALUES.

345 MIL—Long Sports Corset with elastic above waist. White only. Sizes 20 to 30 in. Price 2/11 4d. age 4.

Smart Underskirt in Mole-ette in the following shades—Navy Grey, Brown, Sage, Puttle Field, and Black. Also a limited quantity of Black Satin Skirts. Doublet, 2/11 4d. Price to clear 2/11 4d. Do not miss this great bargain!

Send a postcard to-day for our Catalogue of New Spring Goods.

Smart Underskirt in Mole-ette in the following shades—Navy Grey, Brown, Sage, Puttle Field, and Black. Also a limited quantity of Black Satin Skirts. Doublet, 2/11 4d. Price to clear 2/11 4d. Do not miss this great bargain!

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Send a postcard to-day for our Catalogue of New Spring Goods.

Grand Quality Zephyr for Shirt Blouses, similar to stretch, in Sage, Sky, Quaker, Grey, and Buff. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Price, one and a penny. Cannot be repeated. 2/9

New "King Boy" Hat in Glass Silk, Colours: Putty, Bottle, Navy, Sage and Black. Wonderful Value 4/11 4d. Price and value 10d. ee. Wonderful value in very useful tag. Sailor Hat trimmed band of silk 4/11 4d. Fox and pringle 10d. Colours: Putty, Navy, Sage, Bottle and Black.

An Exceptional Bargain in good quality White Voile Blouses, guaranteed Irish hand embroidery. Square coloured back. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32. Price 3/11 4d. For extra pattern. Outside and extra outside 1s. extra. Cash price 6/11 4d.

ARDING & HOBBS, Ltd., Clapham Junction, S.W.

"ZOO IN FLAT" STORY.

Landlady Awarded £85 in Extraordinary Case.

"PELTED THE WAITER."

How a London flat was converted into what counsel described as "a menagerie" was told in the King's Bench Division yesterday, when Mrs. Louisa Hocker, hotel proprietress, was awarded £85 damages and costs against Mr. George Lehman for the injuries sustained.

Dogs, cats, lizards, guinea-pigs, ferrets, doves and other birds, said counsel, were taken into the flat, which, it was stated, had to be fumigated after the departure of the defendant and his wife.

Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., in stating the case for the plaintiff, said the defendants rented a flat in a hotel in Davis-street, Berkeley-square, for five guineas per week.

There were extraordinary letters, he explained, from Mrs. Lehman, who was said to have cleared all the ornaments off the mantelpiece to fling at one of the attendants. On a postcard she wrote:—

"Mr. and Mrs. George Washington are leaving this boarding-house as the Hon. — and Sir — and Lady —. The wife's daddy and own kith and kin have taken a magnificent house and property for her. There is absolutely nothing damaged in the many, worn-out old flat—disgusting to dwell in; ashamed of same to invite their titled aristocratic friends even to take a cup of tea. Going—going—gone—£5 to buy the job lot in the flat."

Another letter said:—

"Mr. Lehman is panting like a steam engine with heart disease from the incessant letters from this boarding-house hotel's friends. The counsel cannot have been made so excited."

"He is paying £10 weekly for a rotten old nigger-like shanty here. Tarantulas, spiders and cobwebs. Dickens' 'Little Dorrit' sends compliments."

Mrs. Hocker, the plaintiff, said that on one occasion she saw Mrs. Lehman take the things from a tray at the door and fling them at the head of a rapidly retreating waiter. As she sent each thing flying she uttered the most malicious yells.

Mr. R. J. Willis, for Mrs. Lehman, intimated that he had agreed with plaintiff's counsel to settle the action against his client.

The Judge, in summing up, said this was a very remarkable and unpleasant story. It looked as though one of these people was not quite right. Either that or they were very eccentric and extremely dirty people.

AN IRISH WARNING.

Mr. Dillon warned the Government that delay in dealing with the Irish question would be fatal and disastrous.

Mr. Bonar Law replied that there would be no unavoidable delay, but he did not know whether it would be possible to make a statement before Easter.

YESTERDAY'S BOXING.

Three fifteen round contests were decided at the Ring yesterday afternoon. Tommy Nook (Bermondsey) beat Sid Whalley (Walsingham) after stopping the latter during the seventh round; Alf Fitzall (Pocklington) beat Alf Bellet (Fulham) in four rounds, and Joe Conn (Stepney) beat Lance Corporal Bell (W.C.C.) in four rounds.

A fifteen rounds contest between Curley Walker (Bermondsey) and Ted Brewer (Wales), at Hoxton Baths yesterday afternoon, resulted in a draw.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI. New Musical Comedy. **WILD JINKS.** Tonight, at 8.15. Weds. and Sat. 8.2.

AMBAASSADORS. Evening, 8.30. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

CONJAZZ. THE MAN WHO MARRIED A COMEDY. Wed. 8.15. Thurs. 8.15. Sat. 8.15.

ANDRE CHARLOT'S REVUE. "SEAWAY" with John Humphries and Phyllis Menckman.

CRITERION. Evening, 8.15. Matinee, Mon. and Sat. 2.15.

THE GLOBE. Evening, 8.30. Mat. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

A LITTLE BIT OF FLICK. Produced in Oct. 1915. STILL RUNNING MERRILY.

DAILY. THE GEORGE EDWARDS New Musical Production.

TO-NIGHT. at 8. MATS. TUES. SATS. at 2.

JOE COLLINS. Mabel Seabury. Henri de Proger. Mark Tester.

THORPE. Thurs. Arthur Wontner. (Tel. Ger. 201.)

DRURY LANE. D. W. GRIFFITH'S Colonial Spectacle. (Tel. April 7.)

INTOLERANCE.

TWICE DAILY. at 2.45 and 8. Office now open.

DUKE OF YORKS. Aubrey Smith, Jay Davies.

DAILY. 2.45. 8.15. MATS. TUES. SATS. 2.30.

GAITY. Nightly, at 8. THEODORE AND CO.

CARRICK (Ger. 5933). WONDERFUL JAMES!

A Comedy, by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson.

TO-NIGHT. 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

MARION TREVE. HERBERT WARING.

CLOVE. GARY DESLYS and Harry Piller.

SUZETTE. Gen. 8732.

HAYMARKET. At 8.30 sharp. GENERAL POST.

Mat. Thursdays. 8.15. Matinee, Thurs. 2.30.

NORMAN MCKINNEL. Matinee, Weds. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Every Evening, at 8.

CHU CHIN CHOW. A Musical Tale of the East.

NEW CINEMA THEATRES.

MATINEES every Wed. Thurs. and Sat. at 2.15.

SPECIAL LATE EVENING MONDAY. April 2.

LYCEUM. SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE. Entirely New Play.

by Walter Howard, produced by Walter and Frederick.

NIGHTLY. 8.15. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.

LYRIC THEATRE. DORIS DEANE'S "ROMANCE."

OWEN KUMPHREYS. Every Evening, at 8.15.

ST. MARTIN'S. Evening, at 8.30. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

FOR ADULTS ONLY. DAMAGED GOODS.

The great play on the social evil by Ibsen.

PETER LYSER:

THE MAN WHO FORGOT.

(Continued from page 9.)

were glad or sorry that she was dead. She wondered if her father really minded, or if he, too, were conscious of a sort of relief that the sharp tongue of the woman he had married was silenced for ever.

"If you will ask your man just to put me down here," Nan said, "I can walk the rest of the way, for the house is quite close now."

Sefton spoke to the driver, and the car was stopped.

Nan got out; she grabbed her small suitcase hurriedly. She did not want this man to go right up to the house with her; she held out her hand to him. "Good-bye, and thank you so much."

"Not 'good-bye,'" he answered, quickly. "I hope this is only the first of many meetings."

She did not know what to answer.

"And, Miss Marbury, if ever you want a friend, I hope you will remember me."

Nan's colour deepened. "You are very kind, but—I'm a very independent person. I don't think it's at all likely—thank you, all the same."

But he would not take the rebuff, he only smiled. "I hope you will remember it, all the same," he said again.

He stood looking after Nan as she almost ran from him down the lane that led up to the house where she had passed her childhood.

When she knew she was out of sight Nan slackened her pace a little; a feeling of nervousness seemed to be creeping over her; she almost dreaded to go on.

She had always felt like an intruder in her father's house; Mrs. Marbury had had a way of keeping her at arms' length, of making her feel that she was not wanted; at the best, only that she was tolerated; it gave her a queer feeling of eeriness to know that now she could do as she liked, and come and go as she pleased, without fear of her stepmother's sharp eyes and sarcastic tongue.

She looked up at the sky, at the best, only that she was tolerated; it gave her a queer feeling of eeriness to know that now she could do as she liked, and come and go as she pleased, without fear of her stepmother's sharp eyes and sarcastic tongue.

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DERRY & TOMS

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LAST 10 DAYS OF SALE

HOUSE LINEN, OF LACE CURTAINS, CURTAIN NETS, BEDSPREADS, CRETONNES, CASEMENT CLOTHS, &c.

Great Easter Opportunity.

TAKE advantage now while these remarkable Sale Prices last and secure your household necessities. Such an opportunity may not occur again for years, owing to the scarcity of raw material and shortage of labour due to prevailing conditions.

48-Page Illustrated Catalogue sent on request. Write now.



3,000 Old Patterns in beautiful snow-white Damask Cloth, 2 1/2 yds. x 11 1/4 in. Sale Price, each 10/-

200 Dinner Cloths, heavy make, should measure 21 x 24 yds. Only measure 88 x 104 in. Sale 15/- & 20/-

2 1/2 yds. and 27/6. Sale 12/11

One number in Cotton Sheets we cannot repeat. Heavy Twill or plain Cotton Sheets in Single Bed. 2 x 8, 12 1/2, 15 1/2, 18 1/2, 21 1/2, 24 1/2, 27 1/2, 30 1/2, 33 1/2, 36 1/2, 39 1/2, 42 1/2, 45 1/2, 48 1/2, 51 1/2, 54 1/2, 57 1/2, 60 1/2, 63 1/2, 66 1/2, 69 1/2, 72 1/2, 75 1/2, 78 1/2, 81 1/2, 84 1/2, 87 1/2, 90 1/2, 93 1/2, 96 1/2, 99 1/2, 102 1/2, 105 1/2, 108 1/2, 111 1/2, 114 1/2, 117 1/2, 120 1/2, 123 1/2, 126 1/2, 129 1/2, 132 1/2, 135 1/2, 138 1/2, 141 1/2, 144 1/2, 147 1/2, 150 1/2, 153 1/2, 156 1/2, 159 1/2, 162 1/2, 165 1/2, 168 1/2, 171 1/2, 174 1/2, 177 1/2, 180 1/2, 183 1/2, 186 1/2, 189 1/2, 192 1/2, 195 1/2,

READ MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLE IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

Daily Mirror

ESSEX RECTOR'S MANY TASKS.



The Rev. B. E. Rooke, rector of Little Braxted, Essex, who, in addition to working on munitions, cultivates his garden after morning service on Sundays. His parishioners have followed his example.



A member of an O.T.C. assists a wounded man who is having a bath. Members of these corps are now helping the R.A.M.C.

PLAYING IN 'FLYING COLOURS.'



Miss Phyllis St. Clair (bareheaded) and Miss Dorothy Ward, who are appearing in "Flying Colours" at Finsbury Park Empire this week.



Private Davies, back in "Blighty" from Picardy, drinking a cup of cocoa, the first "ration" for a newly-arrived patient in hospital.

TWO MEN IN THE WAR NEWS



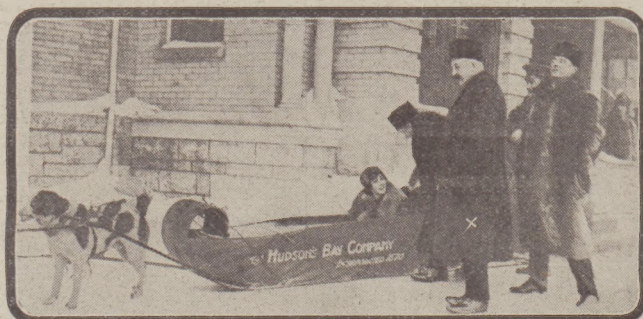
2nd Lieut. E. C. Pashley (R.F.C.), killed in France. He accounted for ten German machines. Sergt. P. Drummond, decorated for carrying messages across the open under very heavy fire.

A SUN BATH ON BOARD A DESTROYER.



A "T.B.D.'s" pet kitten makes the best of a fine day and enjoys the sunshine.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S DAUGHTER IN DOG SLEIGH.



Lady Maud Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, setting out for a ride in a dog sleigh during her visit to Winnipeg. The Duke is marked (x).

"SUNSHINE LEAGUE" MAKES FOR HAPPINESS.



The captain addressing a meeting at the Josiah Mason Orphanage, at Erdington, where the girls have formed themselves into a Sunshine League. They have a special motto, and have drawn up their own code of rules.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)